

STACK
ANNEX

5

025

293

YA1049656

A



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACULTY

000 093 320 9

107 D K^A

*Sketches from
the life of*

PALESTINE,

A PRIZE-POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

JUNE 15, 1803.

S. Collingwood, Printer, Oxford.

PALESTINE.

SYNOPSIS.

LAMENTATION over the miseries of Palestine—The guardian angels of the land invoked—Subject proposed—Present appearance of the country, with its present inhabitants geographically described, beginning from the north—The Druses, from their situation and importance, first noticed—Contrast between the inhabitants of mountain and plain—Saracens and Bedouins (Nebaioth and Kedar)—Modern Jews—their degraded state of banishment—Appeal to the Almighty in their behalf, founded upon his miraculous interpositions of old—Their former greatness—David—Solomon—His splendour—Popular superstitions respecting him—Improved state of the arts among the Jews—Their Temple—Firmness of the Jews under misfortunes—derived principally from their hopes of the Messiah—His advent—miracles—crucifixion—Consequent punishment of the Jews, in the destruction of Je-

rusalem by the Romans, and total desolation of the country—Scenes of Christ's sufferings, however, continued to be venerated—Pilgrimages—Holy Sepulchre—Empress Helena—Crusades—Nations which embarked in them described—English heroism—Edward the First—Richard Coeur de Lion—Palestine still the scene of British valour—Acre—Conclusion.

PALESTINE.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn !
Is this thy place, sad City, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears it's craggy stome ?
While funs unblest their angry lustre fling, 5
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring ?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd ?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdu'd ?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate ;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait ; 10
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song :

But lawless Might, and meagre Want is there,
 And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
 While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid, 15
 Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints ! ye warrior sons of heaven,
 To whose high care Judæa's state was given !
 O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,
 A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep ! 20
 If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
 By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill,
 If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
 And mourn the captive land you lov'd so well ;
 (For, oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale 25
 Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,
 And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
 Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear ;)
 Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
 Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy ! 30

Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire
 With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,
 Then should my Muse ascend with bolder flight,
 And wave her eagle-wing exulting in the light.

O happy once in heaven's peculiar love, 35
 Delight of men below, and saints above !
 Tho', Salem, now, the spoiler's ruffian hand
 Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land ;
 Tho' weak, and whelm'd beneath the storms of fate,
 Thy house is left unto thee desolate ; 40
 Tho' thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
 And seas of sand o'ertop thy mouldering wall ;
 Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view
 Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew :
 And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow 45
 With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
 With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,
 And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail ;

Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
 From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide ; 50
 The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
 The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill ;
 The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening
 blaze,
 The robber riots, or the hermit prays ;
 Or, where the tempest rives the hoary stone, 55
 The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
 Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold ;
 From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
 Their lion courage proves their generous race. 60
 They, only they, while all around them kneel
 In fullen homage to the Thracian steel,
 Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
 The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.

Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine, 66
O ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade !
What tho' no more for you the conscious gale
Swell's the white bosom of the Tyrian sail ; 70
Tho' now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold ;
Tho' not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave ;
Yet your's the lot, in proud contentment blest, 75
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows ;
And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows :
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire. 80

So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western Sun forsakes the Syrian plain,

His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.

Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb : 86
For, few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.
As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
Arabia's parent, clasp'd her fainting child, 90
And wander'd near the roof no more her home,
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam :
My sorrowing Fancy quits the happier height,
And southward throws her half-averted sight.
For sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose, 95
A dreary waste of undistinguish'd woes :
See War untir'd his crimson pinions spread,
And foul Revenge that tramples on the dead !
Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine,
Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine ! 100

'Tis your's the boast to mark the stranger's way,
And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,
Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
And on the hamlet pour the waste of war ;
Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye 105
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.
Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
Where waves on Kishon's bank the whispering reed;
And their's the soil, where, curling to the skies,
Smokes on Gerizim's mount Samaria's sacrifice. 110
While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,
Through the wide world in hopeless exile stray,
Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
In dumb despair their country's wrongs behold, 115
And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
Lov'd for Thy mercies, for Thy power ador'd !

If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force,
 And refluent Jordan sought his trembling source; 120
 If at Thy Name like sheep the mountains fled,
 And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head ;—
 To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
 And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine !
 Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear, 125
 And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
 Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
 From far Euphrates to the western main ?
 For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
 And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew ? 130
 For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
 And o'er the' Arabian deep her branches play'd?

O feeble boast of transitory power !
 Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour !
 Not such their hope, when through the parted main
 The cloudy wonder led the warrior train : 136

Not such their hope, when through the fields of night
 The torch of heaven diffus'd its friendly light :
 Not, when fierce Conquest urg'd the onward war,
 And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car : 140
 Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
 In rude array, the harnes'd Amorite :
 Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd,
 The lingering Sun his fiery wheels delay'd ;
 The Moon, obedient, trembled at the sound, 145
 Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round !

Let Sinai tell—for she beheld his might,
 And God's own darkness veil'd her conscious height:
 (He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
 And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd :) 150
 Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
 His praise, his power, eternal, infinite ?—
 Awe-struck I cease; nor bid my strains aspire,
 Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire.

Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Israel's fate,
And such the glories of their infant state. 156

—Triumphant race ! and did your power decay ?
Fail'd the bright promise of your early day ?
No ;—by that sword, which, red with heathen gore,
A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore; 160
By him, the chief to farthest India known,
The mighty master of the ivory throne ;
In heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her foes,
Victorious Salem's lion banner rose :
Before her footstool prostrate nations lay, 165
And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.
—And he, the warrior sage, whose restless mind
Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd ;
Who every bird, and beast, and insect knew,
And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew ; 170
To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell—
The powerful figill and the starry spell ;
The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,

And sounds that burst the flumbers of the dead.

Hence all his might; for, who could these oppose?

And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose. 176

Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,

And vain was Eftakhar's enchanted wall.

In frantic converse with the mournful wind,

There oft the houseless Santon rests reclin'd; 180

Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wondering

ears

The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

Such, the faint echo of departed praise,

Still sound Arabia's legendary lays;

And thus their fabling bards delight to tell 185

How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!

For thee his ivory load Behemoth bore,

And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore;

Thine all the Arts that wait on wealth's increase,

Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace. 190

When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
 And silence held the lonely woods of Rome ;
 Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,
 Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone ;
 Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire, 195
 Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
 Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
 The Temple rear'd it's everlasting gate.
 No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung ;
 Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung. 200
 Majestic silence !—then the harp awoke,
 The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voic'd trumpet spoke ;
 And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
 Ey'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present
 God.

Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,
 Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud. 206
 E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery sand,
 Till'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land ;

Who sadly told the flow-revolving years, 209
 And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears;—
 Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,
 Their destin'd triumphis, and their glad return:
 And their sad lyres, which, silent and unfstrung,
 In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
 Would oft awake to chaunt their future fame, 215
 And from the skies their lingering Saviour claim.
 His promis'd aid could every fear controul;
 This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this steel'd the martyr's
 soul!

Nor vain their hope:—bright beaming through
 the sky,
 Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high;
 Earth's utmost isles exulted at the fight, 221
 And crowding nations drank the orient light.
 Lo, star-led chiefs Affyrian odours bring,
 And bending Magi seek their infant king!

Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head,
 The dove's white wings celestial glory shed ? 226
 Daughter of Sion ! virgin queen ! rejoice !
 Clap the glad hand, and lift the' exulting voice !
 He comes,—but not in regal splendour dreſt,
 The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest ; 230
 Not arm'd in flame, all glorious from afar,
 Of hoſts the chieftain, and the lord of war :
 Meſſiah comes :—let furious discord ceafe ;
 Be peace on earth before the Prince of peace !
 Disease and anguish feel his bleſt controul, 235
 And howling fiends release the tortur'd foul ;
 The beams of gladneſs hell's dark caves illume,
 And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palfied earth, with noonday night o'erspread !
 Thou ſickening fun, fo dark, fo deep, fo red ! 240
 Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starleſſ air,
 Why shakes the earth ? why fades the light ? declare !

Are those his limbs, with ruthleſs scourges torn ?

His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn ?

His the pale form, the meek forgivinc eye 245

Rais'd from the croſs in patient agony ?

—Be dark, thou fun,—thou noonday night arise,

And hide, oh hide the dreadful ſacrifice !

Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,

Who round the Saviour's croſs your ſorrows ſhed,

Not for his fake your tearful vigils keep;— 251

Weep for your country, for your children weep !

—Vengeance ! thy fiery wing their race purſu'd ;

Thy thirſty poniard bluſh'd with infant blood.

Rous'd at thy call, and panting ſtill for game, 255

The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.

Then Judah rag'd, belov'd of heaven no more,

With ſteamy carnage drunk and ſocial gore :

He ſaw his ſons by dubious slaughter fall,

And war without, and death within the wall. 260

Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,
 And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there:
 Love, strong as Death, retain'd his might no more,
 And the pale parent drank her children's gore.

Yet they, who wont to roam the' ensanguin'd plain,
 And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain ; 266
 E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
 Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
 To their lov'd altars paid a parting groan,
 And in their country's woes forgot their own. 270

As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,
 The trampled ranks in miry carnage roll'd ;
 To save their Temple every hand essay'd,
 And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade :
 Through their torn veins reviving fury ran, 275
 And life's last anger warm'd the dying man.

But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom !
 To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome :

To fwell, slow pacing by the car's tall side,
 The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride ; 280
 To flesh the lion's ravenous jaws, or feel
 The sportive fury of the fencer's steel ;
 Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the sultry mine,
 For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah ! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast, 285
 She mourn'd her sons enslav'd, her glories lost :
 In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
 There bark'd the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.
 Yet midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
 The pilgrim faint his murmuring vespers paid; 290
 'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
 The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove ;
 'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
 And wear with many a kiss Meffiah's tomb :
 While forms celestial fill'd his tranced eye, 295
 The day-light dreams of pensive piety,

O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.

Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal ?
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel ? 300
Be his the foul with wintry Reason blest,
The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast !
Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows !

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine,
And bade the rock with Parian marble shine. 306
Then hallow'd Peace renew'd her wealthy reign,
Then altars smok'd, and Sion smil'd again.
There sculptur'd gold and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen ; 310
There barbarous kings their sandal'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested
head.

There, when her fiery race the desart pour'd,
 And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword,
 When coward Asia shook in trembling woe, 315
 And bent appall'd before the Bactrian bow ;
 From the moist regions of the western star
 The wandering hermit wak'd the storm of war.
 Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
 A countleſs hoſt, the red-croſs warriors came : 320
 E'en hoary priests the ſacred combat wage,
 And clothe in ſteel the palsied arm of age ;
 While beardleſs youths and tender maidſ assume
 The weighty morion and the glancing plume.
 In baſhful pride the warrior virgins wield 325
 The ponderous falchion, and the ſun like shield,
 And ſtar to ſee their armour's iron gleam
 Dance with blue luſtre in Tabaria's ſtream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
 All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran : 330

Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,
And hovering vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.

Not such the numbers nor the host so dread
By northern Brenn, or Scythian Timur led,
Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore 335
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore !
There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien ad-
vance,
Form the long line, and shake the cornel lance ;
Here, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions stand
Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band ; 340
There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain ;
Here in black files, advancing firm and slow,
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow :—
Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
And wield in freedom's cause the freeman's gene-
rous blade ! 346

Ye fainted spirits of the warrior dead,
 Whose giant force Britannia's armies led !
 Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
 Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might ; 350
 Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear,
 Wide-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear !
 At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
 And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb !
 Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the fame, 355
 Still pres' the footsteps of parental fame,
 To Salem still their generous aid supply,
 And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry !

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
 And the green waters of reluctant Nile, 360
 The' Apostate chief,—from Misraim's subject shore
 To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore ;
 When the pale desart mark'd his proud array,
 And Desolation hop'd an ampler sway ;

What hero then triumphant Gaul dismay'd ? 365

What arm repell'd the victor Renegade ?

Britannia's champion !—bath'd in hostile blood,

High on the breach the dauntless SEAMAN stood :

Admiring Afia saw the' unequal fight,—

E'en the pale crescent bless'd the Christian's might.

Oh day of death ! Oh thirst, beyond controul, 371

Of crimson conquest in the' Invader's soul !

The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,

O'er the red moat supplied a panting road ;

O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,

And loftier still the grisly rampire grew. 376

While proudly glow'd above the rescu'd tower

The wavy crofs that mark'd Britannia's power.

Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,

And heroes lift the generous sword in vain. 380

Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,

And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.

Yet shall she rise;—but not by war restor'd,

Not built in murder,—planted by the fword.

Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise : thy Father's aid 385

Shall heal the wound His chastening hand has made ;

Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,

And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.

Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,

Break forth, ye mountains, and ye vallies, sing ! 390

No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,

The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn ;

The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,

And a new Eden deck the thorny field.

E'en now perhaps, wide waving o'er the land, 395

The mighty Angel lifts his golden wand ;

Courts the bright vision of descending power,

Tells every gate, and measures every tower ;

And chides the tardy seals that yet detain

Thy Lion, Judah, from his destin'd reign. 400

And who is He ? the vast, the awful form,
 Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm ?
 A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
 His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head.
 To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand, 405
 And treads at once the ocean and the land ;
 And hark ! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
 His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more !

Lo ! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
 Lo ! thrones are set, and every saint is there ; 410
 Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
 The mountains worship, and the isles obey ;
 Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night ;—
 God is their temple, and the Lamb their light ;
 And shall not Israel's sons exulting come, 415
 Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home ?
 On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
 And the dry bones be warm with life again.

Hark ! white-rob'd crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise ;
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song, 421
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong ;—
“ Worthy the Lamb ! omnipotent to save,
“ Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave ! ”

REGINALD HEBER,

Commoner of Brazen-Nose College.

N O T E S.

P. 6. ver. 16.

Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Alluding to the usual manner in which sleep is represented in ancient statues. See also Pindar, Pyth. I. v. 16, 17. “κνώσσων ὑγρὸν νῦντον αἰωρεῖ.”

P. 6. ver. 17.

Ye guardian saints! ye warrior sons of heaven.

Authorities for these celestial warriors may be found, Josh. v. 13. 2 Kings vi. 2. 2 Macc. v. 3. Ibid. xi. Joseph. Ed. Hudf. vi. p. 1282. et alibi paſtim.

P. 6. ver. 20.

A host of gods, on *Sion's towering sleep*.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the lofty site of Jerusalem. “The hill of God is a high hill, even a high “hill as the hill of Bashan.”

P. 6. ver. 26.

Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale.

See Sandys, and other travellers into Asia.

P. 7. ver. 33.

Then should my *Muse* ascend with bolder flight.

Common practice, and the authority of Milton, seem sufficient to justify using this term as a personification of poetry.

P. 7. ver. 45.

And as *the seer* on Pisgah's topmost brow.

Mofes.

P. 8. ver. 50.

From Carmel's cliffs to *Almotana's* tide ;

• • • • •
The liquid health of smooth *Ardeni's* rill.

Almotana is the oriental name for the Dead sea, as Ardeni is for Jordan.

P. 8. ver. 53.

The *grot*, where, by the watch-fire's evening blaze,
The *robber* riots, or the *hermit* prays.

The mountains of Palestine are full of caverns, which are generally occupied in one or other of the methods here mentioned. Vide Sandys, Maundrell, and Calmet, *passim*.

P. 8. ver. 58.

Those stormy seats the warrior *Druzes* hold.

The untameable spirit, feudal customs, and affection for Europeans, which distinguish this extraordinary race, who

boast themselves to be a remnant of the Crusaders, are well described in Pagés. The account of their celebrated Emir, Facciardini, in Sandys, is also very interesting.

P. 8. ver. 63.

Teach their pale despot's wan'ning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.

"The Turkish sultans, whose moon seems fast approaching to it's wane." Sir W. Jones's 1st Discourse to the Asiatic Society.

P. 9. ver. 72.

Sidonian dyes and *Lusitanian gold*.

The gold of the Tyrians chiefly came from Portugal, which was probably their Tarshish.

P. 9. ver. 77.

No robber rage the ripening harvest knows ;
And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows.

In the southern parts of Palestine the inhabitants reap their corn green, as they are not sure that it will ever be allowed to come to maturity. The oppression to which the cultivators of vineyards are subject throughout the Ottoman empire is well known.

P. 10. ver. 89.

As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
Arabia's parent, clasp'd her fainting child.

Hagar.

P. 10. ver. 99.

Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine.

The watering places are generally beset with Arabs, who exact toll from all comers. See Harmer and Pagés.

P. 10. ver. 100.

Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine.

See Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xiv. p. 43. Ed. Vafe.

P. 11. ver. 105.

Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your *eyes*
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.

“Thine eye shall not spare them.”

P. 11. ver. 110.

Smokes on Gerizim’s mount *Samaria’s sacrifice*.

A miserable remnant of Samaritan worship still exists on Mount Gerizim. Maundrell relates his conversation with the high priest.

P. 12. ver. 119.

If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force,
And refluent Jordan fought his trembling source.

Psalms cxiv.

P. 13. ver. 141.

Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon’s fight,
In rude array, the harness’d Amorite.

Josh. x.

P. 13. ver. 154.

Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire.

Alluding to the fate of Nadab and Abihu.

P. 14. ver. 161.

By him, the chief to farthest India known,
The mighty master of the ivory throne.

Solomon. Ophir is by most geographers placed in the
Aurea Chersonesus. See Tavernier and Raleigh.

P. 14. ver. 167.

And he, the warrior sage, whose restless mind
Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd.

The Arabian mythology respecting Solomon is in itself so fascinating, is so illustrative of the present state of the country, and on the whole so agreeable to Scripture, that it was judged improper to omit all mention of it, though its wildness might have operated as an objection to making it a principal object in the poem.

P. 15. ver. 176.

And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose,

Palmyra was really built by Solomon, and universal tradition marks him out, with great probability, as the founder of Balbec. Estakhar, an immense pile of ruinous building, near the Euphrates, is also attributed to him by the Arabs. See the Romance of Vathek.

P. 15. ver. 179.

In frantic converse with the mournful wind,
There oft the houseless Santon rests reclin'd.

It is well known that the Santons are real or affected madmen, pretending to extraordinary sanctity, who wander about the country, sleeping in caves or old ruins.

P. 15. ver. 187.

For thee his ivory load Behemoth bore.

Behemoth is sometimes supposed to mean the elephant, in which sense it is here used.

P. 15. ver. 188.

And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore.

An African port to the south of Bab-el-mandeb, celebrated for gold-mines.

P. 16. ver. 199.

No workman steele, no ponderous axes rung.

“ There was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was in building.”
1 Kings vi. 7.

P. 16. ver. 203.

And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
Ey'd the descending flame, and bless'd the living God.

“ And when all the children of Israel saw how the fire

" came down, and the glory of the Lord upon the house,
 " they bowed themselves with their faces to the ground
 " upon the pavement, and worshipped." 2 Chron. vii. 3.

P. 20. ver. 264.

And the pale parent drank her children's gore.

Joseph. vi. p. 1275. Ed. Hudf.

P. 21. ver. 280.

The *stoic tyrant's* philosophic pride.

I know not how Titus has acquired his fame for humanity; but the cruelties of the brutal Domitian, or the frantic Caligula, are surely more excusable than the barbarities which this man, with the smile of benignity on his countenance, and the cant of philosophy on his tongue, exercised against a valiant people who dared to vindicate their liberty.

P. 22. ver. 305.

Far other they who rear'd yon *pompous Shrine*.

The Temple of the Sepulchre.

P. 22. ver. 306.

And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.

See Cotovicus, p. 179. and from him Sandys.

P. 22. ver. 310.

And all the bounties of the *British queen*.

St. Helena, who was, according to Camden, born at Colchester. See also Howel's Hist of the World.

P. 23. ver. 314.

And pale Byzantium fear'd *Medina's* fword,

And bent appall'd before the *Bactrian* bow.

The invasions of the civilized parts of Asia by the Arabian and Turkish Mahometans.

P. 23. ver. 318.

The wandering hermit wak'd the storm of war.

Peter the hermit. The world has been so long accustomed to hear the Crusades considered as the height of frenzy and injustice, that to undertake their defence might be perhaps a hazardous task. We must however recollect, that, had it not been for these extraordinary exertions of generous courage, the whole of Europe would perhaps have fallen, and Christianity been buried in the ruins. It was not, as Voltaire has falsely or weakly asserted, a conspiracy of robbers ; it was not an unprovoked attack on a distant and inoffensive nation ; it was a blow aimed at the heart of a most powerful and active enemy. Had not the Christian kingdoms of Asia been established as a check to the Mahometans, Italy, and the scanty remnant of Christianity in Spain, must again have fallen into their power ; and France herself have needed all the heroism and good fortune of a Charles Martel to deliver her from subjugation.

P. 23. ver. 323.

While beardless youths and tender maids assume.

See Vertot, Hist. Chev. Malthe. Introduction.

P. 23. ver. 328.

Dance with blue lustre in *Tabaria's* stream.

Tabaria (a corruption of Tiberias) is the name used for the Sea of Galilee in the old romances.

P. 24. ver. 334.

By northern *Brenn*, or Scythian *Timur* led.

Brennus, and *Tamerlane*.

P. 24. ver. 337.

There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance.

The insolence of the French nobles twice caused the ruin of the army; once by refusing to serve under Cœur de Lion, and again by reproaching the English with cowardice in St. Louis's expedition to Egypt. See Knolles's History of the Turks.

P. 24. ver. 338.

Form the *long line*, and shake the cornel lance.

The line (*combat à la baye*) according to Sir Walter Raleigh, was characteristic of French tactics; as the column (*berse*) was of the English. The English at Créci were drawn up 30 deep.

P. 25. ver. 348.

Whose giant force *Britannia's* armies led.

All the British nations served under the same banner.

Sono gl' Inglesi saggittarii ed hanno
Gente con lor, ch' è più vicina al polo,

Questi da l'alte selve irsuti manda
La divisa dal mondo, ultima Irlanda.

Tasso, Gierusal. Lib. I. 44.

Ireland and Scotland, it is scarcely necessary to observe,
were synonymous.

P. 25. ver. 351.

Lords of the biting *axe* and beamy spear.

The axe of Richard was very famous. See Warton's
Hist. of Anc. Poetry.

P. 27. ver. 389.

Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring, &c.

“ I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase
“ of the field, that ye shall receive no more the reproach
“ of famine among the heathen.”—“ And they shall say,
“ This land that was desolate is become like the garden
“ of Eden,” &c. Ezek. xxxvi.

P. 27. ver. 396.

The mighty Angel lifts his golden wand;
Tells every gate, and measures every tower.

Ezekiel xl.

P. 27. ver. 397.

Courts the bright vision of *descending power*.

“ That great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out
“ of heaven from God, having the glory of God.” Rev.
xxi. 10.

P. 28. ver. 401.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form.

Rev. x.

P. 28. ver. 410.

Lo! thrones are set, and every saint is there.

Rev. xx.

P. 28. ver. 413.

Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night;—
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light.

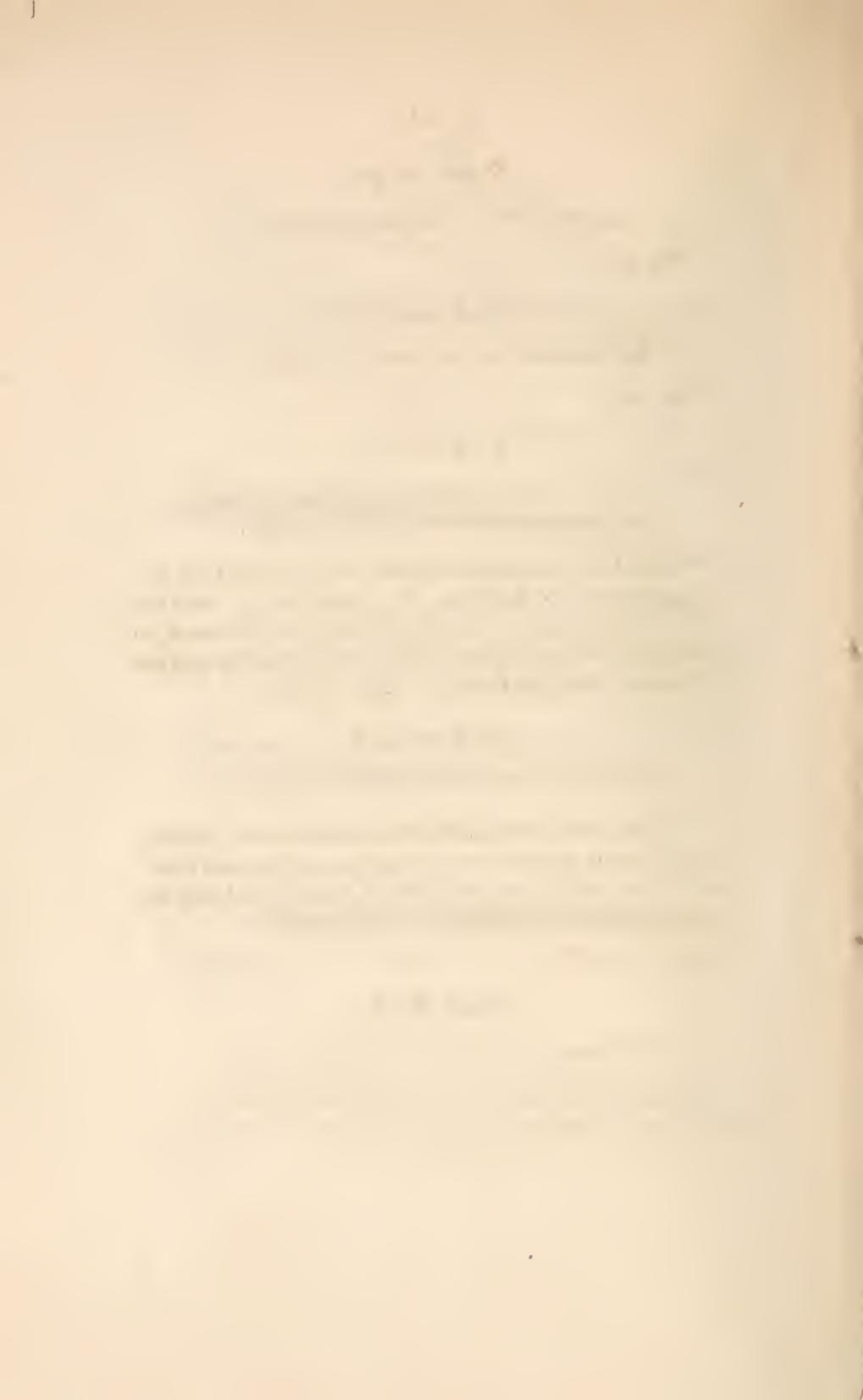
“ And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.” Rev. xxi. 22.

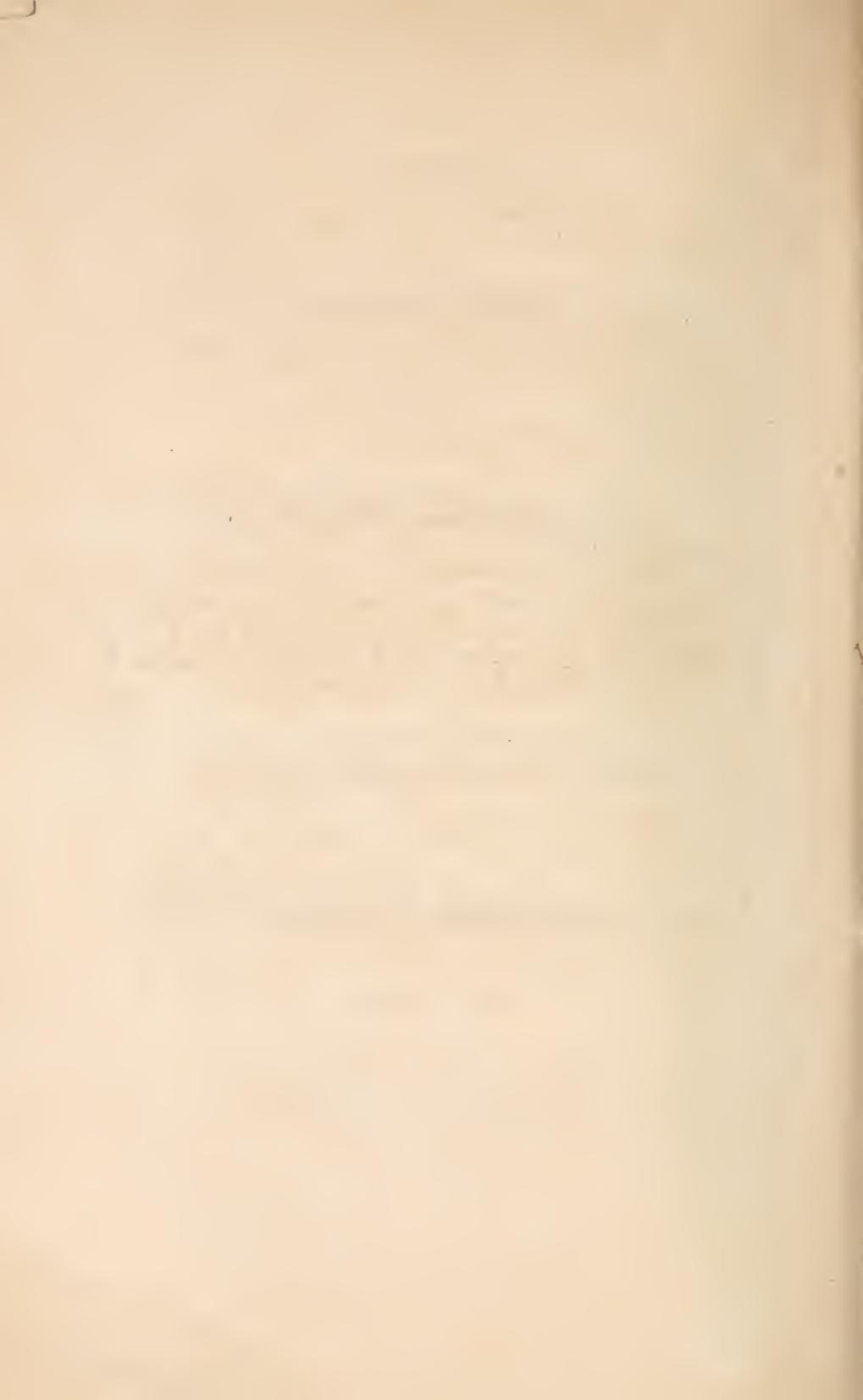
P. 28. ver. 418.

And the dry bones be warm with life again.

“ Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live.” —“ Then he said unto me, Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel.” Ezek. xxxvii.

THE END.





UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 093 325 9

